A Strange and Wonderful

RELATION

OF THE

Old WOMAN

That was drowned at

RATCLIFF-HIGHWAY,

A Fortnight ago.

Whereunto is added

The Old WOMAN's LEGACIES,

A little before her DEATH.

PART the SECOND.

London: Printed and Sold in Stonecutter-Street, Fleet Market.

The Second PART of

The Old Woman of Ratcliff-Highway.

I Shall not need tell you, How the old woman happened to be drowned at Ratcliff-Highway; nor how I went to enquire for her at Sir John Vang's house, or of the wonderful ſtrange, and uncommon ſights I ſaw there; for all that has been already told you in the firſt part.

But in the ſecond part I am to let you know, that after this old woman had made her will, and given me all ſhe had, I thought it long to be ſigning of it.—But I living as far as Dog and Bitch Lane,

n Turn-mill-ſtreet, and ſhe as far as Ratcliff-Highway, I could not hear from her every day, no, nor every year neither.

So that hearing no tidings of her in a matter of ſeventeen odd years and ſeven days, I reſolved to make a voyage to ſee whether ſhe was dead or no.

As I went through the old Exchange, ſt by Billingſgate, there I ſaw three h wives a ſcolding and fighting, and lling one another's ſhoes off their heads, l their hair hung about their Legs, I ondered to ſee ſuch a hurly burly; t I with much ado got them parted, d aſked them both what was the mat- with one of them. She told me they lled her five whores, and ſhe was but

three; and that I was even two rogues for taking her part. When I perceived ſhe would not go diſtracted, I gave them all the baſe good language that ever I could, notwithſtanding they all fell over me and buffeted me with their perriwigs, that if the boat had not ſunk under us, we ſhould certainly all have been drowned.

Well, away I walked ſoftly, as faſt a ever I could run, until the Tower came to me. When I came there, the Corporal of the Tower had a thimble full o gun-powder, and put three piſtol bullet into one of the biggeſt cannons and wa juſt going to batter down Weſtminſte Abbey.

So I thought I would ſee that trick before I went any farther. So I went and ſtood beſide him, to ſee what he did not intend to do.

As ſoon as he was ready, he brought a matter of a buſhel of burning charcoal in a little wooden porringer, and ſet that under the gun, until he made it ſo hot that ſhe fired the bullets, and away flew the powder, and miſſed Weſtminſter Abbey, but hit Laſhley's folly, which ſtood upon the Thames, and drove it up the river as far as Graveſend.

The noiſe of the gun daunted my ſpirits, and put me into a quaking fever, ſo that I ſwooned. But when I came to myſelf again, I came down to Ratcliff-Highway, to viſit the old woman, when

I came there, and found her at breakfaſt, juſt about ſun-ſetting, with a very good parſnip cuſtard, ſtewed with Artichokes and a dozen red herrings fried in mutton-ſtakes.

As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, ſhe aſked me where I had been theſe many days, and told me, ſhe never remembered me, for I had been in her mind ever ſince ſhe ſaw me laſt.

I told her I had been praying for her ill fare. She thanked me for my devotion and bad me ſit down and drink ſome of her victuals, which pleaſed me

very ill; for I had eat nothing for twenty ſcore hours before.

Whilſt we were at dinner, ſmoaking a pipe of tobacco, over a cup of peaſe-porridge, ſhe told me, that ſhe found by the reſtitution of her body, that ſhe could not live for ever. And therefore, ſhe intended before her aforeſaid death to

take a journey into Kent, to ſee a ſiſter of hers who lived at Brentford in Middleſex, and that I ſhould go alone to bear her company.

I told her I ſhould be always ready to do any thing that would diſpleaſe her. So ſhe made too much haſte to make herſelf ready, for as ſhe was going down into her chamber to put off her clean ſmock, and put on a dirty one, it did chance that her feet ſlipped, and ſhe tumbled up ſtairs, and happily did break her neck.

When I heard the noiſe, I went to ſee what was the matter. When I came to her I perceived by her groaning that ſhe had knocked out her fore teeth juſt behind. So I thought it was not any time to ſtand ſtill, for fear ſhe ſhould catch cold, but away I ran as faſt as my hands would carry me, to Weſtminſter-hall, among the lawyers, where I

got ſeven ſurgeons and five doctors to go and ſearch her wound.

As I was coming back again, juſt about dinner time, the conſtable and watch ſtanding with their lanthorns and their candles, at noon day, he took me, and

clapped me up in Newgate for walking the ſtreets ſo late in the day time. And told me that I had been making him a cuckold all the time he had been upon the watch.

I could not tell how to help myſelf, but all my care was, leſt the poor old woman ſhould cry her eyes out becauſe I made ſo much haſte.

However I thought to fit them for when they were all faſt a ſleep dancing about the gallery, I very ſimply ſtole the

key out of the priſoner's pocket and then opening of the gate, let out all then goalers.

So away run they all, being glad they were eſcaped with their lives unhanged;

and away ran I through hedge and ditch over all the ſtreets, till I came to Ratcliff-Highway.

But yet I made ſuch haſte, that I loſt the ſhoes off my head, and the hat off

my feet—When I came there, I found the old woman putting on her beſt boots and ſpurs, and preparing for her ſaid journey.

Then I aſked her if ſhe got no hurt with her fall. She ſaid ſhe had rubb'd

a little ſkin off the inſide of one of her thighs, which ſhe ſhewed me, and I was glad it was no better.

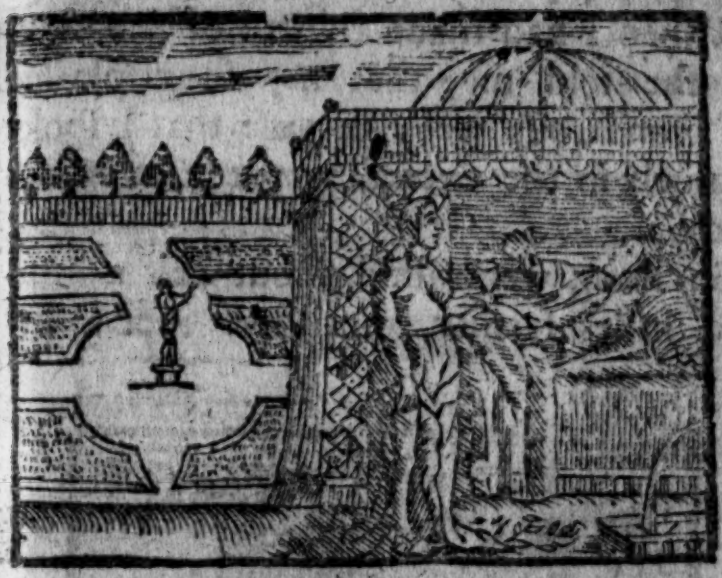
But after we had conſidered about our journey, it was reſolved, that ſhe ſhould take ſhipping, and go by land, and that I ſhould alſo take hackney-coach, and ſo go by water, and ſo we ſhould go together for company.

So we went into Moorfields, and got both upon one horſe, and away we rid. But by good fortune my horſe was a vaſt

deal worſe than her's. So I over rid her about three or four miles.

When we came almoſt unto Pancras church, ſhe deſired me to ſing her a merry tale. I told her that I could not ſing her a merry tale, but I could tell her a very pretty, great, little, ſhort long ſong to paſs away the time, ſo ſaid this ditty.

Tune,



Tune, Hi ho hunt about,

O Betty be wary,
for fear you miſcarry,
A young man hath parts to allure,
He'll firſt fill your belly,
And then he'll tell ye,
You made not your bargain ſecure.

A maid that is young,
Shall have ſuitors ding dong,
And many her love will deſire,
When as an old woman,
Is courted by no man,
An over worn jade will ſoon tire.

When I had made an end of my ſinging ſhe told me, that my ſong pleaſed her wonderous well, becauſe that I ſpoke ſo much in the exceeding praiſe of an old woman.

So along we walk'd about half a hundred miles farther, until we met a lit-

tle old grey-bearded young man, big with child riding upon an elephant, as big as St. Paul's Church.

We aſked him what great City that was which ſtood all alone, with ſo many towns about it? He told us it was the

Pinder of Wakefield. So we trudged along thither to reſt us, for we were not weary, we had travel'd ſo far.

When we came there, we went to the ſign of the three Knitting Kneedles, and gave the miſtreſs of the houſe our horſes

to ſet down in the dining room, and we went into a ſtable and called for half a dozen of wine.

After we were not refreſhed, we paid the hoſtler for the wine, and the tapſter for a gooſe pie, which the horſe had eat.

And away we both walked on horſe-back to Brentford, for it was not above half a mile thither.

When we came into the middle of the Town, the Mayor and Aldermen hearing the old woman of Ratcliff-highway was coming they all met us at the town's end, in their buff coats and Spaniſh pantaloons.

After the old woman had ſaluted ſome and cornuted other ſome of them ſhe aſked one of the Mayors how her ſiſter did?

So they told her, ſhe had been buried above ſixteen ſummers, and ſeven long winters. When ſhe heard that ſhe was dead, ſhe would needs go and ſhed juſt

four tears and a half upon her grave for old acquaintance ſake.

But we were no ſooner come to the grave, which was upon the top of the ſteeple, but we heard her ſinging the five and twentieth Part of the three hundred and fourth pſalm, beginning at the laſt verſe.

The parſon's huſband's daughter's ſon, who was then ſexton, would needs perſuade us, that ſhe was then praying over the twelve commandments, and would by no means, ſuffer us to moleſt her, or elſe ſhe would have come along with us to London.

When we had thus loſt our labour, the old woman deſired to haſten home,

and ſo we did, without meeting with any adventure. But when we came to Ratcliff-Highway again, there had been a very high wind in the month of March, juſt about witſuntide, which had blown down the old woman's cellar where ſhe lived, and had not left one tile under it, ſo that we had no place left to ſet her head in.

In this great extremity ſhe was glad to ſet five and thirty taylors at work to make her a garment of paduaſerge. And there ſhe lodged for that day. But ſhe took the loſs of her cellar ſo to heart, that the next morning at midnight ſhe told me I muſt needs go to a cunning man to have

her fortune told, for ſhe intended to die ſoon after my return.

I was in fifteen hundred thouſand minds, whether I had better go to Adam's Jack, or to Lilly Williams, But at the laſt, concluding old Jack Adams to

be the beſt conſtrologer, away I went in a pair of oars, and found him ſitting upon Clerkenwell-Green; walking amongſt the trees a little below Hackney.

When I came there, I told him, That the old woman of Ratcliff-Highway would have her fortune told. And if he did it well, I would give him four cuſtards, five pots of ale, and thirteen pipes of tobacco to ſmoke his noſe with. He

immediately fell to work, and then told me.

Firſt, That ſhe was drowned in Ratcliff Highway: Secondly, That ſhe had broke her neck with tumbling up a pair of ſtairs. And laſtly, That her cellar, was blown up by the Roots.

Quoth I, any fool could eaſily have told me this, for we knew it already before. Well, quoth Jack, I pray you

what would you have more? I want to know ſaid I when ſhe will die, why quoth he, ſhe will die when ſhe can live no longer, and this is all that I or any conſtrologer of us all, can tell.

So I gave him what I promiſed, and returned to ſee how the old woman did,

where I found her juſt ready to change her new lodging for a grave. She told me, ſhe found her heart ſo whole, that ſhe could not live above three quarters of an hour at leaſt. And the eſtate ſhe

bid me bring her a pot lid and a piece of charcoal, ſo that ſhe might ſet up ſome legacies, which ſhe intended to give away after her death. So I brought to her the fire ſhovel and tongs, and ſhe began to write as follows.

The

The Legacies which the Old Woman of Ratcliff-Highway gave to her Friends after her Death.

I Confirm my kinſman Aminidab Pumkin, to be my executor according to my former will, and to enjoy all my eſtate, excepting theſe few Legacies.

Firſt, I give my grandmother's uncle four windmills, and ſeven water mills, all ſtanding in St. Paul's Church-yard.

Item, I give his grandfather's youngeſt daughter, three mountebank ſtages,

e upon Tower-Hill another in Smith-
ld rounds, and the other in Covent-
arden.

Item, I give to the keeper of New-
idewell two ſtone of rotton hemp,
o make him a parcel of whip cord.

Item, I give to ſquire Dunn the hole
f my backſide to make a whiſtle of.

Item, I give to the Queen of ſluts my
illet and hair lace to hang her up at
yburn.

Item, I give to old Noll's porter, all
he hair between my great toes to make
im a perriwig.

When I heard her ſo freely diſpoſe of
er eſtate I told her ſhe would leave no-
hing for me at the laſt. And then ſhe
emember'd herſelf, and ſo gave me all
her writing tools to lay by, and ſhe was
going to ſay ſomething to me, when on
a ſudden, the New-river broke out, juſt
at the Eel-pye houſe by Jack Straw's
Caſtle, and came with ſuch violence, that
it ſwept her away, bed, houſe and all
into the Bear Garden in Houndſditch, ſo
that now I may juſtly ſay, that ſhe was
drowned in Ratcliff-highway in Earneſt,
becauſe I was an eye-witneſs to it, and

was at the great coffee houſe at Padding
ton, drinking lamb's-wool, when it w
done.

And there I compoſed this epitaph
ſet under her grave ſtone, and to con
clude this wonderful relation of the o
woman that was drowned in Ratcli
highway, a fortnight ago.

EPITAPH.

UNDER this wooden ſtone,
She doth remain,
Who liv'd and dy'd,
And dy'd and liv'd again.

So many times to die,
'Tis ſtrange ſays you,
But read this book,
And then you'll ſay 'tis true.

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FINIS.